

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE NO. 999

ART'S PRIZE.

There is a hard and painful loneliness
Which all must know who probe life's problems deep
Each for himself! On up the mountain steep
To that white rock, which seems the top, they press,
Till it is theirs almost;
Then 'tis the prize is lost,
Heights beyond heights they see,
Never the search is done,
Never the goal is won!
Yet is there victory!

Half-hearted, follow not! Stand thou away!
Truth is not found complete, in man's short day!
There is no victor's crown bright to the eyes,
He who would win must count each step his prize.
—John Thornton.

The Mental Aspect of Sex.

"The intellectual transfiguration of sexual instinct is the result of a long course of intellectual evolution, and in the race or individual it, perhaps, more certainly than anything else indicates the height of development which the man or the society has reached, and the width of the chasm which divides it from primitive conditions of life."—Olive Schreiner.

In any intelligent consideration of sex needs and sex manifestations the student finds the greatest difficulty in determining what is normal and what abnormal. Ages of dense ignorance, false reasoning and perverted emotions have resulted in such an unnatural, strained condition of all things sexual that it is difficult to go to the root of the matter, and one too often mistakes effects for causes, and thus fails to understand the subject.

Even radical thinkers and Freelothers are seldom able to take a purely normal view of the relations of men and women. Our lives are a constant protest against the old conceptions of sex, and the social conventions founded thereon, and for this very reason we are liable to go to extremes and to depart from a purely rational attitude. In our efforts to counteract the influence of sex superstitions we give special prominence to the sexual functions, and sex assumes undue proportions in our thought. From its subordinate position as a part of life, it becomes the *all* of life, and we lose the true valuation which alone gives a well-rounded character and a wholesomely happy life.

In seeking to escape from the arbitrary and artificial conditions of to-day, many make the mistake of going back to the animals to determine what is normal and what abnormal. While it is true that no study of human life is well founded which does not begin with the life of the lower orders, at the same time no such study can be complete if it ends there. Man is not merely a higher animal. As the animal is distinct from the plant, so is the human life distinct from the animal. In either case the difference is a matter of degree of development, and it is hardly more exact to regard man as merely a higher animal than it would be to regard the animal as a higher plant.

In studying human conditions, then, we must add to our investigation of physiological functions an analysis of mental activities. Great as is the common ignorance of sexual physiology and hygiene, it is surpassed by the densest of ignorance concerning the mental manifestations of the sex nature.

To the great majority sex is a distinction of physical structure merely, and sex interchange an act of the sexual organs prompted by the functional demands and activities of the body. This great majority have but a narrow conception of the possibilities

of sex interchange. An unknown world lies just beyond their vision—a world of growth, of inspiration, of delight—but they deny its existence. Yet it is into this new world, this human world of intelligence, that rational knowledge and freedom of experience are leading us as we emerge from the animal world of instinct.

In speaking for the mental aspect of sexual interchange I would not for a moment seem to undervalue the physical. I am not one of those who think to elevate sex by weeding out its physical manifestations. "The soul is the body and the body is the soul," the man is one, and the finest development of mind and of body are interdependent.

Our "Palace of Delight" must be raised upon a firm foundation in the solid earth. We cannot build in midair. Some seek to suspend an edifice by intangible cords, from the throne of a mythical god; and because they cannot really get away from the earth, they call it vile and degrading. It may be that love etherealized beyond all physical expression is an angelic condition—being unacquainted with the psychology of angels I cannot say—but it is not a human condition, and for men and women to be angels would be as abnormal as for them to sink into mere animalism.

Just here let me define what I mean by a natural action or condition, since there are no standards; differences of time, of race, of individual make various standards. What is natural depends on degree of development; that is natural to society or to the individual which is in accord with present development and in line with future progress.

Taking a sane-minded review of the evolution of sex, we see the long process of growth through which love has been born into the world. Love—I speak now of the love between man and woman—love is distinctly human, even though, like all human attributes, its origin must be sought far back in the history of animal development. From sexual instinct to love is a long journey—the long journey from the brute to the man,—and the history of this journey is the history of the growth of the intellect. In no other department of his life do we consider a man's instincts a competent guide to conduct. Knowledge gained through experience and reason enables him to govern his actions with a conscious purpose toward the attainment of greater happiness through self-control and self-direction. So must it be with his sex life.

The brute has the same senses that man has, and they afford him similar pleasurable and painful sensations. Through memory he may learn to seek a recurrence of pleasurable sensations and an avoidance of those which are unpleasant, but his perceptions are concerned essentially with the causative object, and not with his own sensation. He is perceptive, rather than conscious. He may reason, but he never reflects. When the animal begins to observe, to compare, to analyze his own sensations, he is no longer a brute; he has passed into the human domain. Henceforth there is a mental aspect to his life. He has become conscious, albeit dimly, of his individuality, and a new phase of development sets in, along new lines.

Watch a hog eating an apple. He enjoys the gustatory sensations produced, and he learns a preference for apples. But what is his pleasure compared with that of the man? Man's nerves report the same sensations, but refined and sharpened by habits of discrimination and comparison. To the mere sensation of taste he adds the mental pleasure of the understanding of that sensation and an appreciation of it which comes only through mental activity and which gives to eating a beauty, a sentiment,

an art of its own. What has the true pleasure in common with the hog?

Some animals delight in musical sounds; the savage beats his tom-tom with a kind of rude enjoyment, but the science of sound and the art of beauty in sound which we call music is a mental evolution far beyond his conception.

The ox on the hillside, the Polish plowboy behind him, the poet under the oak tree—all see before them the same panorama of mountain, river and plain, but who enjoys it the most? And what is the difference in the pleasure they receive? Is it quantity of sensation or quality of mental appreciation?

In every human sensation and emotion this mental aspect is found. In some individuals it is weak and undeveloped; in others it predominates till the bodily sensation is but the suggestive impulse, the spring at touch of which, as in Parisian pleasure gardens, fountains of beauty and joy spring forth. This mental pleasure is finer, more elusive, more complex and ever more intense than physical pleasure, and in the natures which have it most developed exists the fullest capacity for happiness.

Into the field of sexual sensations and enjoyments the intellect enters as fully as into other pleasures and experiences of life—indeed, far more so. The objective cause of many other forms of pleasure may be and often is merely an inanimate and unconscious object, while our sexual pleasures come to us through another sentient, intelligent being like ourselves toward whom we send out feelings of gratitude, of sympathy, of most delicate and intense appreciation. A new factor here enters into our enjoyment—namely, mutuality. More than the perception of beauty, more than the thrill of contact, is the response that comes from eyes and lips, the joy upspringing to mate our own delight, the giving of pleasure completing the happiness of receiving.

Herein is Love born in our souls. Not in the touch of flesh to flesh, not in the warmth and thrill and ecstasy of the gratified sexual impulse is Love begotten, but in the finer sentiments and appreciations of mutual delight. Without this mental participation Love cannot live, and sooner or later, but inevitably, the attraction ceases, exhausted.

As one writer says:

"Among the masses, and in marriage, the woman gives merely sensual delight of an intense kind for a few weeks, and then becomes a convenience for the house and bed. This is because human beings are really little more than brutes. It is not only the men, the women, too, grow cold in affection after the heat of the honeymoon: that is, they have had enough of physical pleasure. In short, the ordinary sexual intimacy is an animal affair.

"But there is another realization of love, when, in the moments of intimate union, the man and woman, in their dearest and sweetest sensations (those intensities which some call the soul), recognize each other as one; and on the substructure of the physical pleasure enjoy a finer pleasure, and for those precious moments are perfectly happy in the sense of pure lovingness, which each feels is of the other, and the gratification each gives the other. Such love and such use and liberty of the person always leave the two more to each other, more respectful to each other, and with a memory of deep gratitude."

One more quotation:

"Sexual instinct has finally become love; when, as 'the result of a long course of intellectual development,' the longing of the man and woman for each other has become so refined as to be offended at any idea of constraint, and so informed as to recognize itself as something necessary, energizing and elevating—an unconscious impulse come to consciousness as knowledge—then, among free men and women, men and women freed from the old ideals of subjection to each other, the instinct may lead to an art—the art of love; and having two ends—to inspire and to nourish the most beautiful and precious emotions of the soul, and to continue the race."

It is this development of love and sympathy, this enriching of life with more tender emotions, finer ideals and nobler aspirations, which is the goal of the use of the sex nature for pleasure. This is a purely personal use of sex, whereas propagation is a racial use. The latter serves to keep the race alive, to perpetuate the human species; the former tends to educate, to refine, to ennoble it, to make it happier and worth perpetuation.

There is an attempt to make human propagation, stirpiculture, a science. There may well be also a science, or perhaps an art, of love. The former studies nerve tissues, blood corpuscles, organs, secretions, periods; and seeks to determine the conditions of perfect physical parentage. The latter may well study feelings, emotions, thoughts—the delicate interactions of personalities, the subtle mentality of man and woman intimacies—with a view to determining the conditions of perfect love-enjoyment.

And it may happen that with the latter attained, the former will be less needful; that the desired issue of love will be seen superior to the results of scientific breeding from physical conditions.

Sex love as a begetter of happiness holds a far different place in human experience from that of sex passion as a begetter of offspring.

In order to attain the greatest love-happiness from sexual activity, I believe it is essential to make this distinction between the bodily function and the love-interchange and enjoyment. The mental participation in sex-pleasure is much; it is essentially human and educational. But there is a higher mode of intercourse possible in which the physical basis, though absolutely essential and fundamental, is the substructure merely, upon which Love builds its delicate structure of beauty and joy. In this supreme experience, thought blends with thought, the finest qualities of mind and character are intensified and made visible. From this soul communion, this synchronization of two individualities, who can say what vital thought waves may not flow out to fecundate the sluggish racial thought and bear fruit in social harmony and progress?

It is the development of this perfect enjoyment, this art of love, pregnant with possibilities, that freedom from arbitrary restraint, increase of knowledge and the rationalizing of sex are tending.

ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

The Religion of Richard Wagner.

According to Dinger's tabulation of Wagner's views as a Neo-Hegelian, his philosophy was evolutionary materialism and sensualism, his religion Atheism, his ethics optimism and eudemonism, and his politics Anarchism: a summary of isms sufficient to chill the marrow and curdle the blood of many a devout Wagnerite of to-day. The works, which derived their inspiration and took a more or less distinct tinge from these tenets, are the projected musical dramas, to which the text was written, but the music never composed: "Siegfried's Death" (afterwards embodied in the third part of the tetralogy), "Wieland the Smith," "Jesus of Nazareth," and the subsequently completed "Ring of the Nibelungen," although in this last-mentioned tragedy of the gods he has thrown a veil of symbolism over his ideas and presented them in a more artistic and therefore less aggressive form. His strong and cheerful optimism as to the glorious prospects of mankind here prevented him from looking beyond and seeking consolation in the magnified looming of human hopes on the bright sky of the hereafter. The expression of this feeling comes out very forcibly in his essays and especially in his personal correspondence. "The future generation," he writes, "will have no longer any need of God and immortality, since this life will satisfy all our hopes, so that we shall not have to direct our thoughts beyond the earth to an imaginary heaven." He characterizes all such "religious presumptions" as "anthropomorphic speculations, which are injurious and immoral, because they place the final purpose of man outside of himself," whereas he is only the supreme and crowning product of cosmic evolution and can "serve no other purposes than those of nature, which has produced him conformable to certain conditions of necessity." His spiritual superiority does not exempt him from the operations of the laws of development and dissolution which govern all other organisms.

In a volume entitled "The Destiny of Man" Mr. John Fleke endeavors to show the unreasonableness of supposing that "Man as the goal of Nature's creative work" should be only one of the many perishable forms of matter and destined to disappear with the rest, and asks: "Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral, all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades?" To these indignant interrogatories Wagner would have replied: "No, indeed; man's immortality and eternal beatitude consist in the persistence and perfection of the spiritual element, not in the individual, but in the race; and there is no reason why the contemplation of this slow but unceasing process of evolution and its glorious consummation in the highest possible elevation of humanity, even though it be completed with the present life upon the earth, should put any logical thinker to intellectual confusion." It is interesting to note how easily, in regions of speculation lying out of the range of scientific demonstration, diametrically opposite conclusions may be deduced from precisely the same premises. Listz was greatly exercised at his

friend's utter lack of faith and in his letter seeks to show him the error of his ways, quoting with a slight and suitable variation the exhortation in Elsa's song:

"Lass zu dem Glauben Dich neu bekehren:
Es giebt ein Glück,"

and beseeching him not to turn away contemptuously from this "only true and eternal bliss."

Wagner, however, was too much of a eudemonist, too thoroughly given up to the gratification of what he called his *Glückseligkeitstrieb*, to be greatly influenced by such admonitions. Ethically his philosophy of life might be summed up in Pope's exclamation,

"O happiness, our being's end and aim."

His bitter hostility to Christianity arose chiefly from its ascetic teachings, which put a barrier between man and the full exercise and enjoyment of the powers and passions with which nature has so lavishly endowed him and which are essential to his welfare and conservation. In "Jesus of Nazareth" he infers from the statement that "God is love," that love is supreme and absolute and knows no limitations. Indeed, the whole didactic purpose of the drama is to glorify love as the primal and universal law of the race in opposition to the restrictions imposed upon its manifestations by human enactments. In the crucible of this consuming and refining passion individual egotism is transformed into the altruism of domestic and social relations, thus fulfilling in the province of the emotions the alchemist's dream of transmuting base metals into gold. It endues Siegfried's sword with a magic power that shatters Wotan's spear, "the shaft of sovereignty" and symbol of conventional moral order, and urges the youthful hero onward through a sea of fire to the rescue and redemption of Brünnhilde.

Highly significant, too, is Wagner's enthusiasm for Hafiz and Shelley. The former he declares to be not only "the most gifted poet," but also "the greatest and sublimest philosopher that ever lived." What attracted him so strongly to the Diván (known to him only in Daumer's fragmentary and rather imperfect translation) was the glowing sensuality that pervades all the ghazals, the warm erotic hues that color even the religious poems, and the unceasing denunciation of priestcraft and platism. The motto of Hafiz: "Strive always after ready bliss," and his expressed preference of the tulip-cheeked beauties of Shiráz to the promised hours of Paradise, would commend themselves to Wagner as the quintessence of wisdom. As for Shelley, his admiration and also his knowledge of the English poet appear to have been confined to "Queen Mab," which charmed him by reason of its radically revolutionary spirit and atheistic tendencies.—Professor E. P. Evans, Munich, in the Open Court (Chicago).

Child Labor Causes Tramps.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, writing in *Charities*, a New York weekly review of general philanthropy, points out that child labor has a decidedly debilitating effect upon the mental and physical systems, and so drives men to tramp life. "It is surprising," writes Miss Addams, "to find how many begin to tramp because they are tired to death, just as a business man goes to the woods because he is worn out with the stress of business life. This inordinate desire to get away from work seems to be connected with the fact that the men have started to work very early, before they had the physique to stand up to it, or the mental vigor with which to overcome its difficulties, or the moral stamina which makes a man stick to his work whether he likes it or not." We cannot demand any of these things from a growing boy. They are all traits of the adult. Miss Addams goes on to illustrate by means of a man in the municipal lodging house of Chicago, who had begun to work in a textile mill quite below the present legal age, in New England, and who had worked hard for sixteen years in a place that required no mental exercise, but made him simply a cog in an industrial wheel. "At last," said this man, "I was sick in bed for two or three days with a fever, and when I crawled out I made up my mind that I would rather go to hell than go back to that mill." This man does not steal, Miss Addams says, but for four years now he has been tramping. The mere suggestion of a factory throws him into a panic. The physician has made a diagnosis of general debility. The man, in his opinion, is not fit for steady work, because prematurely spent. All this makes it very clear that the young, if too early submitted to the grind of factory life, must swell our pauper list.—*Woman's Journal*.

"The One Woman."

Mr. Dixon's book, "The One Woman," is being so widely read that it deserves some further comment. Why is it read so much? It is read because it appears to treat of the divorce question, in which the public, both progressive and non-progressive, are interested; still more because it seems to combat reform movements which are still unpopular; and also because while it has a heavy flavor of the sensational horrors which the untrained imagination loves for their stimulating qualities, it really presents some dramatic situations of the story with ability. The most curious feature of the book is that the author evidently believes himself to be defending monogamy and the ideal of "the one woman," yet the idea of monogamy put forth by the only philosopher in the book, who evidently presents Mr. Dixon's own views, is this: "Love as many women as you please, but don't desert your wife and children. . . . Honor your wife with a polite lie."

It seems scarcely worth while to write a book to set forth a compromise with society such as every society man knows how to make when he falls in love with "the other woman." The hero of the story works his own downfall solely because he can only think of love in terms of monogamic marriage. The moral which Mr. Dixon thus unconsciously preaches is: Don't be a monogamist.

There is a passionate protest against "destroying the integrity of the family," and history is vaguely referred to; but the historical veneration for marriage is not hinted at; nor does Mr. Dixon tell us whether the crushing out of divorce and the strict enforcement of monogamy, actual monogamy, or, as he prefers, fictional monogamy, would make the American mother of one child, or of none, into his ideal woman. The real causes of ninety-nine out of a hundred divorce cases are of course not touched on in describing the unusual case in the story.

In another point, also, Mr. Dixon seems to sacrifice truth to prejudice. He evidently dislikes innovation both in the philosophy of economics and in the philosophy of sex; and he thinks to strike one blow at both of the movements he dislikes by calling his hero a Socialist and making him defy society in sex relations. But neither divorce and remarriage, nor the bravado displayed in the case described, is at all especially characteristic of Socialists, as I believe most of their enemies would admit. Divorce is characteristic of the American people, and is obviously resorted to as a means of making bond-marriage less intolerable, and indeed to make its continuance possible, among a sensitive and highly nervous people.

One great blemish in the book is the vulgarity of the language of both the women, which is most incongruous with both the culture and the exceptional strength of character insisted on in the description of both of them. The queenly Kate is made to say to the one-eyed bachelor who she has begun to admire: "I'll put you in training for a handsome woman I know." And later in the story she becomes a mere scold, in a situation which should naturally have evoked all her womanly tact.

Socialists will not be much frightened at the arguments employed against Socialism in the book. They chiefly consist in calling Socialism "the herd idea," and Socialists (like the mathematician and able writer Karl Pearson) "frowsy-headed."

DORA FORSTER.

A Jewish Criticism

Many of you hold, no doubt, that the manuscripts of the Bible have been preserved as written, without the alteration of a jot or tittle, and that its teachings are literally true and infallible. But where such sentiments are found among Jews it is because they have absorbed them from the Christian theologians. These theologians have adopted them from the exigencies of their theology and in order to sustain their doctrine concerning Christ. If the story of the fall of Adam were not true, there would be no necessity for the second Adam.

The text of the Bible has been corrupted. Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and Isaiah did not write all of the prophecy that goes by his name. The miracles are mere fables. God never descended to Sinai, and Moses never ascended it. The Bible did not produce religion, but religion produced the Bible.—Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.—Sterling.

Lucifer, the Lightbearer

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LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Anarchy.

SYNOPSIS OF A LECTURE SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 27, AT MEMORIAL HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

Usually I do not call myself an Anarchist.

Usually I prefer not to be tagged or labeled at all, because of the great difficulty of overcoming prejudice in regard to certain words that by long use have become *polarized*—that is, have become like needles or bars of steel that, by lying in a certain direction for a long time, will lie in no other direction if placed on a pivot and left free to move. They always point to the magnetic pole of the earth—not to the north star, as is commonly supposed.

So it is with certain words in the minds of most people. Among these is the word Anarchy. So long has this word been associated with assassination of rulers and with the idea of destruction of social order that it seems quite impossible to disabuse the mind of the average hearer of that impression—utterly false though it may be—whenever the words Anarchy and Anarchist are mentioned.

For this occasion, however, I purpose to break my rule and, in order that there may be no misunderstanding in the matter, will freely and frankly avow myself an Anarchist—in the true, the etymologic, the scientific and philosophic sense of that word.

The world of mankind may be rightly divided into two very distinct classes, *Archists* and *Anarchists*.

An Archist is one who believes that the masses of human beings cannot or will not govern themselves, and that the preservation of social order requires that some must rule and others must obey.

The word "archy" is Greek, from "archein," to be first, to be chief or principal. From this comes the kindred word "Archon," a ruler of men.

An Anarchist, from the formation of the word—"an" meaning not, and "archy"—means one who does not believe that the masses of people must have rulers to keep them from robbing and killing each other.

An Anarchist, from the etymology of the word—that is, the scientific or philosophic Anarchist—wants neither a

Mon-archy, meaning rulership by one man or woman; nor an

Olig-archy—rulership by a few persons; nor a

Hier-archy—rulership by a priest or a priesthood; nor a

Plut-archy (plutocracy)—rulership by the rich; nor an

Arist-archy (aristocracy)—rulership by the "best" citizens; nor a

Pant-archy—rulership by all the people (commonly called a democracy or a republic).

Of all these forms of archy the philosophic Anarchist has least use, perhaps, for the last named, from the fact that it is

least honest, least real, most illusory, most deceptive, most fraudulent.

None but the philosophic Anarchist sees that a government by all the people is an impossibility, a misnomer, a contradiction in terms.

None but the philosophic Anarchist knows that the term "free government" is a "delusion and a snare," a phrase used by Archists to hypnotize the masses of people into the belief that they are the real sovereigns and that the government officials are their servants, or the *agents* selected by ballot to execute the will of the people.

None but the logical Anarchist knows that all government of man by man means *archy* in some of the forms just named, and that of all of these forms *pantarchy*—a democracy or a so-called republic—is most objectionable because the cunning and greedy few can rule and rob the producers of wealth and keep them quiet by telling them they are *self-governing* because they have the elective franchise.

None but a logical Anarchist knows that the only possible form of government in which the people can be self-governing is one in which each individual governs *himself*, and allows every other person to do the same; remembering always that

"The man of whole soul commands, not nor obeys."

Self-government, then, is the repudiation of archy, of archons, which mean that some must be *first* or *chief*, which assumption again involves the logical necessity that some must be ruled by others, and therefore the logical conclusion is that self-government means Anarchy.

As further definition and illustration of what philosophic Anarchism means, take the following:

When we destroy darkness, light takes its place. Darkness can only be destroyed by letting in the light.

When ignorance is destroyed, knowledge takes its place, science takes its place.

When disease is removed, health takes its place.

When Tyranny and Injustice are removed, Liberty and Justice take their place—that is to say, when Archy is removed, Anarchy takes its place, for Archy is nearly if not quite synonymous with Tyranny and Injustice, and Anarchy is nearly if not quite synonymous with Liberty and Justice.

The phrase "free government," meaning a free archy, is a misnomer, a contradiction in terms, an utter impossibility, an unthinkable proposition.

How can there be a government—an archy—without subjects, without those who are ruled by others? M. HARMAN.

Art and Life.

Art and science seem to me as necessary to life as air, water and sun. Science prolongs life and art intensifies and charms it. What pleasure would there be in living a few more years if these years were not enriched a hundred fold by our faculties of admiration? Art gives the joy of life. Science withdraws the fear of death. Joy gives health and health gives good will. Yes, art gives the joy of life. Art opens the door of the ideal, without which this life of ours would be so terre a terre that it would signify little to us if we lived or died. Art is the faculty of realizing sentiments and representing beauties which transport us beyond this world of ours; and this faculty is the elixir of life.—Sarah Bernhardt.

One who believes at all in the possibility that economic slavery and economic murder can be abolished by legislative decrees will always be disappointed, for he attributes to government a mission which it never possessed and never will possess. Our apostles of peace should reflect that the mission of governments is to support prevailing institutions. . . . They cannot wish a transformation of existing things, for only by that which prevails do they assert and vindicate their existence.—August Spies.

San Francisco Meetings.

(RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR LAST WEEK'S ISSUE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Nov. 25, 1903.

The meeting at the Turk Street Temple, San Francisco, held in honor of the memory of the slain champions of liberty and justice in Chicago, Nov. 11, 1887, was not altogether satisfactory to myself and to the friends who came expecting to hear what I might have to say on that occasion. The committee on programme had promised me the first or opening half-hour; then changed it to the last half-hour. When called to the platform, at 10:10 o'clock, I said, in substance:

While I may have learned but little during a somewhat extended journey of life, one of my lessons of experience is never to undertake a public address after 10 o'clock at night. Man is said to be a bundle of habits. One of my life-long habits is "Early to bed and early to rise." It would be just neither to myself nor to my hearers—most of whom are working men and therefore need a good night's rest, to prepare them for their duties to-morrow—to attempt more than a very brief off-hand talk to those who have already listened two hours to addresses more eloquent than I could give.

The story of the judicial murder of August Spies, Albert Parsons, George Engel and Adolph Fischer, sixteen years ago to-day, can never grow old so long as men love liberty, hate tyranny, and honor manly courage in defense of the right, the true, the equitable.

If the heroic sacrifice of Leonidas and his immortal three hundred Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae should be embalmed in the memory of liberty-lovers in all lands and climes; if the act of Arnold Winkelreid, when he rushed with outstretched arms upon the spears of the Austrian phalanx, crying, "Make way for liberty," should be commemorated in prose and verse to the end of time; if Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, should be gratefully remembered for calmly accepting the deadly hemlock rather than deny his principles; if Giordano Bruno, the Italian heretic in theology and physical science, should be held in deathless remembrance as one of the greatest of martyrs to the doctrine that all men and all women should have equal right to interpret what are called sacred oracles for themselves, without the guidance of priest, parson or pope—if the tragedies that ended the mortal lives of these historic persons, and of many others, women as well as men, that could be named, should be held in undying honor by thinking people everywhere, then there is great propriety and reason for such assemblies as I now see before me, held to commemorate the more recent but not less heroic and not less tragical sacrifice of the four champions of the downtrodden toilers, on the 11th of November, 1887, in Chicago, U. S. A.

It is quite needless, even had I the time, that I relate the circumstances that led up to the police riot of May 4, 1886. Then as now there was great dissatisfaction with the working of our social, our industrial and financial institutions. Then as now those of the workers who read history and dared to think for themselves, saw that the forebodings of Abraham Lincoln had become true—as voiced in a letter to a friend, only a few days before his assassination:

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudice of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless."

This prediction, it was felt by the workers all over the country in 1886, and nowhere more keenly than in Chicago, was nearing fulfillment. Strikes were common. Chicago was the storm-center, so to speak, of the agitation for an eight-hour working day. On the first of May, 1886, a general strike to enforce this economic and very reasonable demand of Labor upon Capital was ordered. Over forty thousand of the Chicago workers were said to have responded to this call and walked out, leaving most of the shops and factories silent and deserted. Then came the shooting by the police of many innocent persons at the McCormick reaper works, where some small boys, assisted

by some former employes of the company, had shown their lack of good sense by stoning the windows and causing a few dollars' loss of property—a misdemeanor, of course, but no crime at all when compared to that of the police in firing volley after volley of leaden bullets into the unarmed crowd, causing the instant death of seven men, the mortal wounding of several others, besides serious injury to many more.

To protest against this outrage by the alleged keepers of the peace a meeting of protest was hastily called to be held at the Haymarket for the evening of May 4. Speeches were made by Albert Parsons, August Spies and Samuel Fielden, all very moderate and pacific in tone and manner when we consider the terrible nature of the provocation that called out this demonstration of protest.

The meeting was a peaceable one—orderly in every respect. To show that there was no expectation of violence, it is only needed to say that many of the leaders brought their wives and children with them to the meeting. The Mayor of the city, Carter Harrison, Senior, was present till near the close—there was an appearance of rain; people were fast dispersing. So sure was Harrison that there would be no trouble that he went to the Desplaines street police station, where a large platoon of policemen were held in reserve to enforce order if needed, and told Captain Bonfield to send his men home, as they would not be needed.

But why continue the sickening recital of the disobedience of orders by the pliant tools of plutocracy? Carter Harrison was a friend of the people, the working masses, but—judging from reasonable probability—Bonfield was acting under orders from a higher source than the Mayor of the city. These orders were from the "powers behind the throne"—the capitalistic conspirators who had decreed that the agitation for an eight-hour law must be stopped. All subsequent history of the case goes to show the existence of such conspiracy.

Prominent among these evidences of conspiracy is the course of the large daily papers, in Chicago and elsewhere, in persistently misrepresenting the facts of the case, both before and after the Haymarket affair—before, during and after the trial—continued even to the present time.

If the term "bold, bad lying" was ever justifiable it was and is justifiable in speaking of the attitude, the record, of these papers.

If ever the term "prostitute press" was justifiable, as shown by evidence the most overwhelming—at the trial and ever since—then the large daily papers and many of the weeklies and monthlies of the United States have deserved this appellation, when they speak of "Anarchy" and the "Anarchists," and especially of the men judicially murdered in Chicago for their opinions and for daring to give utterance to those opinions.

★ ★ ★

On Saturday evening, Nov. 21, I was given the first half-hour at Apollo Hall at a memorial meeting held in honor of the Chicago martyrs by the Italian, the Spanish and the French Anarchists of this city. The meeting was not a large one, not more than one hundred and fifty being present, but if I am to judge by actions and tones of voice, and the responses to the speeches—all in foreign languages except my own—it was a very enthusiastic assemblage.

Sunday evening, Nov. 22, I had the pleasure of addressing about 250 of the English-speaking Liberals, Freethinkers, Agnostics, Spiritualists, Anarchists, Socialists, etc., at Memorial Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, this city. I spoke about one hour on "The Impending Revolution—Its Outcome: Will It Be Monarchy, Anarchy or Socialism?" Dr. York was chairman of the meeting, which lasted till considerably after 10 o'clock.

The weather has been quite unfavorable most of the time since I came to San Francisco. Rain, rain, mists and fogs, are the order of the day—and night also. The effect on my health has not been favorable, and yet I have had no day or night in which I was wholly unfitted for duty, whether of a public or private nature. Just how long I shall remain here is not yet determined, but having rented a hall for one month, I expect to stay till near the midwinter holidays.

Address as before, 217 Parrott Building, San Francisco.

M. H.

Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom.
not an evil lesson against thyself.—Mrs. Brow

VARIOUS VOICES.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

Henry Boel, Ithaca, N. Y.: Allow me to say, I take your paper, Lucifer, for its reading matter, and consider it to be one of the best periodicals that it is my privilege to read.

E. D. Brinkerhoff, New York: So far as advertisements in Lucifer are concerned, I pay little attention to them, as I take the paper for its reading matter and not for its advertisements.

Belle Chaapel, Le Roy, Pa.: Please do not stop my paper. I will very soon send money for subscription. Would to-day, but cannot get to postoffice. The little paper is great—a real gem—that I prize above all the others that come to me.

J. E. Witman, Hazleton, Pa.: Enclosed find \$1 for renewal of subscription to Lucifer. We—Mrs. Witman and myself—desire to get acquainted with a few radicals or Liberals living not far away—say in Philadelphia, Allentown or Harrisburg.

J. W. Lindquist, Ben Lomond, Cal.: I have moved about so much the past year that very few of my papers have reached me, but the copies of Lucifer have been read by many. I enclose money order to pay my arrears. I have the highest respect for your sincere and brave work. Yes, it does pay to be yourself and speak what you think.

E. Hayden, Red Bluff, Cal.: Inclosed is \$1, for which please renew my subscription to Lucifer for one year. The paper is too sweet and pure a voice for liberty to be estopped. If it meets postal opposition it can only be from mere prejudice; there can be no reasonable ground for it, and every lover of freedom should recognize the greater need of just such a clear call for enlightenment and liberty as Lucifer sends forth, and should rally to its support. You have my deepest sympathy in your brave effort. Whatever may be the opposition of to-day, the approbation of posterity will not be withheld.

C. N. Greene, Topeka, Kan.: We have known Moses Harman for twelve years, much of which time we have been, as we are to-day, subscribers of Lucifer. We take the paper for two reasons—the reading matter it contains (not the advertisements), and because of our love and appreciation of its editor, who in spite of persecution and imprisonment dares to stand firm in his convictions and work for woman's emancipation, a religion in harmony with nature and the freedom of the race from all that enslaves. Long may he continue the fight in the mortal body, and may he see the fruition of his hopes.

E. C. Reichwald, Chicago: Regarding the article in Lucifer pertaining to the death of Mr. and Mrs. Green, I wish to say that it reads the same as an account in which they say the Greens were found dressed in silks and broadcloth. This is not correct and evidently originated in the brain of some reporter. Directly after reading the account I had a photo taken of them just as they were found, dressed in their night clothes, in order to refute the falsehood of the report.

[The report was printed as found in a Chicago daily, we having no other report to give. It is not unusual to find inaccurate statements made by reporters. Mr. Green was much more fairly treated in reports of his death than was S. P. Putnam when he met death in a similar manner a few years ago.—L. H.]

Mary M. Clark, Albia, Iowa: I think you are a brave, true woman. Stand by your principles and surely there are enough of us to help you. It is very strange to me that our "public servants" find so little to do. We receive through our mail an average of one poor, trashy paper every week that we have never for or paid for. They have beautiful names, such as "Home," "Happy Homes," "Sweet Hours," "Family Fireside," subscribed for one once, some three years ago, and at a demer several times notified them to discontinue it, still on all postal authorities never have written us asking least use, if we have paid for it," etc., like they have

about Lucifer. Such papers contain all kinds of vicious advertisements, calculated to defraud the "dear people." Why don't the government "dads" look after them? The advertisements in Lucifer, such as Dr. Foote's book, "Borning Better Babies," E. C. Walker's "Vice: It's Friends and Foes," "Government Analyzed," etc., are not nearly so apt to attract the attention of the young and inexperienced as "A woman with \$10,000 wants to marry nice young man," "Whisky easily made, costs 25 cents a gallon; many a poor man can pay for a home," "Money made quickly," and such books as "Meet Me at Dusk," "Will See You Later," and even much worse. We are so glad that your dear old father has taken this western trip. It will do him much good if he does not overwork, and he will do the cause much good, too. The West is more liberal than the East.

Alfred Schnelder, Chicago: I have noticed in the last few numbers of Lucifer that this "government of the people" intends to shut your paper out of the second-class matter privilege, through the postoffice department. Of course it is rather preposterous to do this without asking the people (your readers); but what government ever asked anybody in behalf of the people? But it behooves me to protest against such outrage on free speech and free press, with all the sincerity of which I am capable. I have been unable, under this reign of prosperity, to find w for the last four months, I ask you to continue sending me paper, although my subscription expired several weeks ago. I will pay you in a short time. I hope that all of your readers will stand by you, and so show the government of what stuff those are made who believe in liberty. JRY. Trans.

A Professional Monster.

For barbarous inventions the medical profession takes the lead. It seems incredible that a man clothed in his right mind, who has a particle of humanity left in his heart, would do the things which we see recorded in medical journals every day.

It occasionally happens when a child is born that depressions of the skull are noticed. The bones of the cranium are very soft, and during the ordeal of birth sometimes these bones are pressed upon so as actually to produce temporary deformity of the skull. Every experienced midwife or mother also knows that in a little time, if the child lives, these depressions will come out all right. They need excite no anxiety whatever. The skull will shape itself up as soon as the child recovers from the effect of the pressure received during birth.

Dr. P. Baumm, a German gynecologist, suggests that in case a new-born infant presents a depression of the skull, due to pressure during birth, a small cork-screw be inserted into the depression, and then the depressed portion of the skull drawn up even with the cranium. He actually reports four cases in which he did this fiendish act. Two of the children died from internal hemorrhages, and the other two, he very triumphantly states, lived through it. This heartless wretch absolutely took a new-born child, screwed a common cork-screw right through the soft bones of the cranium, and then pulled out on it so as to even up the bones to his satisfaction.

Where was the mother when he was doing this? She was probably a poor, cringing creature, afraid of her doctor, as they are in Germany, and did not dare say a word. The medical profession in Germany has got the people under foot. The people have no rights, do not dare to breathe except as the doctor gives them leave. Everything is done with military precision. And the state of affairs that exists in Germany between the professional class and the common people is exactly the condition towards which things are tending in the United States. As the doctors get more and more laws to strengthen them they will grow more and more arrogant.—Medical Talk (Columbus, O.).

Not a Case for the Hatchet.

An Indianapolis man perpetrated a joke on Carrie Nation while she was there. A local dentist was standing on a corner when Mrs. Nation got through haranguing the crowd. "Look at that man," said the Indianapolis joker, pointing to the doctor. "He is well off, and he makes money out of the tears of orphans, the walls of widows, and the groans of strong men."

"He keeps a rum shop, does he?" said the smasher, darting a piercing glance in his direction.

"No," said the man, "he is a dentist."

Tolstoi's Opinion of the Kaiser.

Kaiser William had Tolstoi's book, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," suppressed in all his dominions on account of the following passage: "What must be going on in the head of William of Germany, a man of limited understanding, little education, and with a great deal of ambition, whose ideals are like a German yunker's when any silly or horrid thing he says is always met with an enthusiastic 'Hurrah!' and commented on as if it were something very important by the press of the world. He says soldiers should be prepared to kill their own fathers in obedience to his command, and there is another hurrah. When he says the gospel must be introduced with the iron fist the people shout 'Hurrah!' He says the army must not take any prisoners in China, but kill all, and he is not placed in a lunatic asylum, but they cry 'Hurrah!' and sail to China to execute his orders."

"WHO IS THE ENEMY?"

Hugh O. Pentecost writes thus to Edwin C. Walker about the latter's new work, "Who Is the Enemy; Anthony Comstock or You?" "Your pamphlet is a strong discussion of the question at issue that one could give to a conservative friend with some hope that he might read it through."

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